As wedged with a sigh would riue in twaine,
Least *Hector* or my father should perceiue mee:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a scorne)
Buried this sigh in wrincle of a smyle,
But sorrow that is coucht in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth fate turnes to suddaine sadnesse.

Pan: And her haire were not some-what darker then *Hellens*, well go to, there were no more comparison betweene the women! but for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not as they tearme it praise her, but I would som-body had heard her talke yester-day as I did, I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandræs* wit, but------

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd
Reply not in how many fadomes deepe,
They lie indrench'd, I tell thee I am madde:
In *Cressids* loue? thou answerest she is faire,
Powrest in the open vlcer of my heart:
Her eyes, her haire her cheeke, her gate, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand
In whose comparison all whites are ynke
Writing their owne reproch; to whose soft seisure,
The cignets downe is harsh, and spirit of sence:
Hard as the palme of plow-man; this thou telst me,
As true thou telst me, when I say I loue her,
But saying thus in steed of oyle and balme,
Thou layst in euery gash that loue hath giuen mee
The knife that made it.

Pan: I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou dost not speake so much.

Pan: Faith Ile not meddle in it, let her bee as shee is, if she bee faire tis the better for her, and shee bee not, she has the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*, how now *Pandarus*?

Pan: I haue had my labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene, but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan.

Pan. Because she's
es *Hellen*, and she we
day as *Hellen*, is on S
were a blackeamore,
Troy. Say I she is n
Pan. I do not care
stay behinde her fath
her the next time I se
no more ith'matter.
Troy. *Pandarus*.
Troy. Sweete *Pand*
Pan. Pray you spe
found it and there an

Troy. Peace you vr
Fooles on both sides,
When with your blo
I cannot fight vpon t
It is too starv'd a subj
But *Pandarus*: O go
I cannot come to *Cre*
And he's as teachy to
As she is stubborne,
Tell me *Apollo* for t
What *Cressid* is, what
Her bed is *India* there
Betweene our Ilium,
Let it be cald the wil
Our selse the Marcha
Our doubtfull hope,
Alarum
Æne. How now p
Troy. Because not
For womanish it is to
What newes *Æneas*
Æne. That *Paris*
Troy. By whom *Æ*
Æne. *Troylus* by